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EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

Lord Milner ruthlessly, though perhaps unconsciously, pricked the bubble of democratic diplomacy. "Here," he said to the House of Lords, "is a bill to sanction the executive powers necessary for carrying out the treaties of peace with Austria and Turkey. But nothing that your Lordship may say can have the least effect on the terms of the treaties, which are being discussed at San Remo! In other words your Lordships are asked to sign a blank cheque in favour of Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon." Indeed, Lord Milner gave the House of Lords to understand that any discussion of the treaties would be obstructive and impertinent. And this is democratic or open diplomacy! We have already pointed out in a previous number the danger and folly of carving up the Austrian empire on the doctrinaire and delusive basis of race. Between the League of Nations and the Prime Ministers of the Triple Entente there seems to be a pretty muddle, opening up an endless vista of expense and quarrelling.

Mr. Chamberlain's calculation that he will pay off £234,000,000, of debt this year is dependent on two pretty big ifs: if his estimates of revenue are realised, and if he is allowed to apply his surplus to debt reduction. He may find something in the nature of a prior lieu arising out of European disorders, or from the constantly increasing demands for doles or subsidies to manual labour. His declaration that the 60 per cent. excess profits duty would be reduced to 40 per cent. in the event of any levy on war-wealth being adopted later in the session, is very unsettling for the City and for manufacturers. How can anyone make his business plans for the year, when his taxation is a matter of uncertainty? There is a great deal in what Sir Charles Sykes said (in a speech suppressed by the *Times*) that it is absurd to go back to 1913 and the years preceding for the datum line. It would be simpler and fairer to start from to-day with a new direct tax on business profits.

The *Daily Express*, which is owned by a millionaire peer and edited by a gentleman who belongs to a leading Conservative club, came out with a headline on Tuesday, "England for the Millionaires: the Poor Man to bear the greatest burden; Loopholes for the Rich: excess profits for evasion," etc., etc. This sort of comment is not only false, and therefore silly, but it is excessively mischievous and dangerous. The fire of class hatred and jealousy burns quite brightly enough without being stoked by sensational journalism. The *Daily Herald*, which might be expected to detect the bias towards the rich, apparent only to the lynx eye of the *Daily Express*, says on the contrary, "The Chancellor of the Exchequer has laid—so far as taxation machinery can do it—the chief burden upon the shoulders of the more wealthy classes." If Lord Beaverbrook is not satisfied with an income-tax which takes from him 12s. in every £1, he must be hard to please.

We dislike the Budget as much as the *Daily Express*, but for different reasons. We note that 60 per cent., six-tenths of the revenue, is drawn from income-tax, excess profits, super-tax, and death-duties, taxes which are paid by between two or three million persons, about a twentieth or 5 per cent. of the population. Of the 40 per cent. of indirect taxation, i.e., customs and excise, we observe that the duties on wines and cigars will be so enormous as to place these innocent luxuries beyond the reach of all but the very rich. We further perceive, with dismay, that three-fourths of the revenue raised is to be spent on the Civil Service, the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force, and that only one-fourth is to go to reduction of debt. The burden of taxation is unjustly distributed, as the working-classes don't bear their proportion, and two years after the end of the war, we are taxed to provide huge sums for the fighting forces for doles and for officialdom. In fact, we are more heavily taxed than when we were maintaining armies of four million men in the field, and were turning out munitions on a gigantic scale.



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The French have a proverb that revenge is a dish which is best eaten cold. The Budget of 1920 has given Mr. Asquith the opportunity of "getting back on" his former lieutenant for turning him out of the Premiership in November, 1916. Mr. Asquith fairly revelled in his sarcastic description of the obsequies of the Land duties of 1909, and his regret that the Prime Minister could not be present as chief mourner. We remember well the shout of exultation that arose from the Radical camp in 1909, and the furious propaganda at the general election of 1910. Here was a Daniel come to judgment! Or a David to slay Goliath! according as the orator preferred the Bible or Shakespeare. The hated landlord was at last to be made to squeal, and the coffers of democracy to be filled at the expense of the dukes. After ten years, having produced next to nothing and cost a great deal in official salaries, the land valuation duties are buried, and with them Mr. Lloyd George's reputation as a finance minister.

Mr. A. M. Samuel's Bill to provide for secret ballots under the supervision of public officials in cases where a trade union is called upon to vote for or against a strike is the most important measure that has been presented to Parliament since the general election. With regard to the community at large, a strike is quite as important an event as a parliamentary election. Everybody knows that the present so-called ballots are a farce, and subject to all the faults of open voting, intimidation, and corruption. The Bill is permissive, true: but the option puts the trade union leaders in an awkward dilemma; for if they oppose the Bill, or do not take advantage of the option, they proclaim to the world that they do not want a true and secret ballot. The argument that this is an interference with the domestic affairs of the trade unions is absurd. A trade union is not a domestic concern, and a strike is a matter of public interest. It remains to be seen whether the Government will have the courage to see Mr. Samuel through, or whether they will throw him to the wolves.

Mr. C. B. Stanton has asked the Government to raise the salaries of members of Parliament, and Mr. Bonar Law put him by without much ceremony. But as everybody else's wages are being raised, there must be very soon an increase of the politician's wage, which with the present income-tax is only £280. We were strongly opposed to the payment of members, believing that, once the grand style of voluntary service was given up, the prestige of the House of Commons would rapidly decline, as has been the case. But if you are going to pay members, do it decently, and give them more than the salary of a junior clerk in the City, or the wages of a collier. Another suggestion is that a member of Parliament should be given a free railway pass to and from his constituency whilst Parliament is sitting. There is a good deal to be said for this. There is at least a better reason for such a concession than for allowing railway directors to travel free, not only over their own systems, but over every railway in the kingdom.

Members of Parliament were amused or indignant, according to temperament, at Lady Astor's effrontery in posing as the representative of British womanhood on the subject of divorce. An American judge declared the other day that he was tired of sitting to divorce rich American women, who seem, as a class, to be either very unlucky in their first choice, or singularly impatient of the restraint of wedlock. At least three of our American peeresses have been involved in matrimonial adventures which would have excluded them from Queen Victoria's Court. Not content with defying the law of the British Constitution, which associates a peeress with her husband's privileges and disabilities, Lady Astor has now taken upon herself to lecture the British nation on the laxity of its convivial and connubial habits.

The following story comes from a Kensington hotel. A party of ten Americans arrived, headed by "poppa."

They quite openly gave out that they had left their own country to come to England "to get drink." They got more, they got drunk, in which condition "Poppa" had to be carried out of the dining-room. Here we have some of the first effects of this immoral legislation. The invading horde of Americans pretend that they are coming over to visit the battlefields of France. In reality they are coming over to visit our wine-cellars. And the female apostles of this odious creed are such pushing, impudent, Pusses, Carrie Catt, and Mary the Matchless, and Nancy Witcher. The truth is American men have spoiled their women, and now American women are spoiling the world.

The verdict of the Coroner's jury, which sat on the body of the Lord Mayor of Cork, is one of wilful murder against David Lloyd George, John Viscount French, Ian Macpherson, and many others; a rider being added that "the murder was organised by the police, officially directed by the British Government, and committed under circumstances of the most callous brutality." This childish abuse of a solemn function of law must surely convince the blindest of British Home Rulers that the Irish Celts are quite unfitted for self-government. If the Irish had been capable or deserving of political independence, they would have secured it long ago, either by arms, or by their conduct in the legislature and in civic life. But they never have been able to do anything but shriek about their wrongs, and intimidate and intrigue, and plot abortive risings. The invariable weapon of Irish agitation is murder, now directed against one class, and now against another. In the eighties it was the landlords who were shot from behind stone walls and hedges: to-day it is the policeman and the magistrate who are the targets of the assassin's bullet.

As the murders are always part of a so-called agitation for imaginary political rights, they are treated with peculiar and inexplicable lenity. A man has no more right to kill another in order to get a vote than in order to steal his purse. And indeed theft, wholesale rapine, is being added to assassination in the south and west of Ireland. Not only are the flocks and herds of the squire and the farmer being openly stolen by bands of ruffians, but the landlord's personal servants, stewards, agents, gardeners, and domestics, are being driven out of his house by threats of death. As for the land itself, the Sinn Feiners proclaim their intention of taking the farms without payment, as soon as they get a parliament. In two cases in Galway the owners of the estates—the one a very old man and the other an old lady—were surrounded by gangs of cut-throats, who called upon them to sign deeds purporting to convey the fee to some nominee of the robbers. And the victims believed that the deed would be binding! In a reign of terror people lose their presence of mind, and believe anything.

A Galway landlord, whose family have lived on the estate for generations, and who until lately was quite popular with his tenants, tells us that he can neither farm nor live. He has sent his wife and daughter away: his servants are being withdrawn from him; he applied for police protection, and got one policeman, who ran away. The police barracks are closed: there is not a magistrate or a constable to be seen. He is alone with his horse and his revolver; and asks us what he ought to do? We suggest two alternative courses. One is to go to Ulster and offer his stock and farms (which are very good) at half their value to an Orange farmer, who would have the greatest pleasure in shooting his Sinn Fein neighbours with the assistance of some Belfast boys. The other is to shut up his house, leave his stock in the best hands he can get, and come to England. He can afterwards bring his action for compensation against the Irish Government for loss of stock and damage to his farms.

Unquestionably a Government which refuses or fails to protect the property of its citizens is liable for damages. Even where the damage to life and property is no fault of the Government, as in the late air-raids,

compensation must be given. A fortiori when the damage or loss of life and property is due to the negligence or feebleness of the Government, must compensation be paid. The Irish Government at present simply fails to man its police barracks in the western and southern provinces, and citizens are left without their elementary right to safety. Suppose an Irish landlord or farmer were to offer by advertisement in England and Canada and Scotland valuable farms and stock at low prices to anyone who would be prepared to hold his new possessions, *vi et armis*, against all comers. Hundreds and thousands of young men would pour in from all quarters of the Empire. Is not this the way in which the Empire has been acquired? And is it not, perhaps, the only way of settling the Irish question?

Sir John Dickinson, the Chief Magistrate at Bow Street, has retired, and his place will be taken by Mr. H. C. Biron, whose deserved promotion is hailed with satisfaction by his numerous friends at the Bar, at the Garrick Club, and in short, wherever he goes. Mr. Biron had a large practice at the criminal bar, but escaped "the strong contagion" of the Old Bailey manner (which, by the way, is much improved of late). In 1906 Mr. Biron contested the Hythe boroughs as a Liberal; but it is needless to add that he beat himself in vain against the impregnable rock of Rothschild at Folkestone. Law, however, is not so essential to a magistrate as a sense of humour and knowledge of the world. Mr. Biron is a student of *belles lettres*, and has written keenly and gracefully on Johnson, Crabbe, and Trollope. In company with other legal luminaries, he has contributed to this REVIEW.

We repeat our hope—we can hardly call it an expectation—that some metropolitan members will tackle Sir Alfred Mond about his absurd decision to close Kensington Gardens at 8 p.m., which, of course, by Greenwich time is 7 p.m. That hour, during the months of May, June, July and August, is broad daylight; and the inhabitants of London are to be shoosed out of their most beautiful park, for the upkeep of which they are taxed, because Sir Alfred Mond thinks that they one and all go there for the purpose of toying with Amaryl-lis in the shade. We can assure Sir Alfred that he has been deceived by the prurient imagination of the "Vigilance" officers. Besides, the point is that the "dusk" at which Sir Alfred Mond shudders as the cover for so much immorality, doesn't descend before 9 p.m. Greenwich, i.e., 10 p.m. summer time. He daren't close Hyde Park; but the folk of Kensington and Bayswater are meek and humble.

The opening pages of 'Tancred' are devoted to an inimitable description of Shepherd's Market, "a district of a peculiar character," a portion of which together with two houses in Curzon Street is now being offered for sale by Messrs. Dowsett. Of this little world, the chosen retreat of the Mayfair *valetaille*, Disraeli wrote eighty years ago; "all is extremely genteel; and there is almost as much repose as in the golden saloons of the contiguous palaces. At any rate, if there be as much vice, there is as little crime." Compare this picture with Lord Chesterfield's uneasiness on moving into his new house (the big one that still bears his name), and we see the change that is made in a neighbourhood by a century. Writing in 1748 to Dayrolles, Lord Chesterfield said, "as my new house is situated among a parcel of thieves and murderers, I shall have occasion for a watch dog." Who knows what may be the character of Mayfair a hundred years hence?

Delving in this same Chesterfield correspondence, we came across a curious and interesting experiment in the way of a war-levy on capital made by the Dutch Republic in 1747, when at war with France. The tax was called, with grim irony, the "Liberal Gift or Don Gratuit," and was levied in the following manner:—Large cases or trunks were placed in all the town-houses in the province of Holland, in which all persons, whose whole capital did not amount to less than 2,000 florins, were obliged to deposit upon oath, either in cash, obligations of the State, or plate, to the value of

at least two per cent. of whatever they possessed, either in cash, land, jewels, plate, pictures, obligations, employments, etc., nothing but household goods and wearing apparel to be excepted. They were also obliged to swear, that in case they should afterwards find out that they had not paid in their quotas, according to a true and just valuation of all their effects, they would faithfully make it up again, to the best of their knowledge. Dayrolles, who was British Resident at the Hague, tells us that the sum produced was kept a secret, though there was good reason to think that it amounted to £2,000,000, the debt being £40,000,000. It was certainly a cheap method of collecting a levy: how much would it produce in England to-day?

We publish in another part of the paper a review by a distinguished soldier of Sir George Arthur's Life of Lord Kitchener. From a layman's point of view four features strike us. 1. Lord Kitchener seemed to be supplied by Providence at the right moment as the shepherd of a frightened flock, for everybody was frightened in the autumn of 1914. He was the peg on which the nation could hang its loyalty and enthusiasm in the hour of agony. Nobody else could have taken his place as a fetish, for the King had been persistently kept in the background by the Radicals for years, and the Prime Minister never excited any enthusiasm outside Westminster. "Give me a leader that I may cling to him, and follow him, and trust in him, and obey him" was the passionate cry of every man in 1914: and Kitchener was given.

Armed with this semi-divine authority Kitchener, created, 2, a huge national army out of nothing. Surely a feat unparalleled in history. 3. Kitchener was the only man who at once foresaw the length of the war. The clever and copious Lord Haldane said it would be over by Christmas. Kitchener gave it four or five years, and made his calculations on that basis. 4. So far from being the strong and unbendable man, Kitchener was weak in his effort to compromise between the Western Frontiers and the Eastern Frontiers. The Western Frontiers were Kitchener, French, and, of course, Joffre and Foch. The Eastern Frontiers were Messrs. Churchill and Lloyd George. This is the eternal conflict between the soldier and the statesman, between policy and strategy. If Kitchener had been the really strong man he was supposed to be, he would have insisted on one party or the other having its way. Instead of which, he tried to satisfy both.

Compromise, however safe in philosophy or finance, or politics, is hardly ever safe in war. If Lord Kitchener had either insisted on his own view, or on Messrs. Lloyd George and Churchill dropping their views, the war would probably have been shortened. For instance, he believed that nothing but a combined military and naval expedition could succeed in the Dardanelles. Yet he allowed Mr. Churchill to make the attempt with the Navy alone, and afterwards sent an inadequate land force, with the disastrous results we know of. He gave up his own plan of sending an army to Alexandretta, and allowed one to be sent to Salonika, where it did little or no good. It is easy to be wise after the event, but in all this one sees the distracted and divided action of the man who allows himself to be pulled in opposite directions.

In his account of the sinking of the 'Hampshire,' Sir George Arthur writes: "By an unhappy error of judgment an unswept channel was chosen for the passage of the cruiser; and Kitchener—the secret of whose journey had been betrayed—was to fall into the machinations of England's enemies, and to die swiftly at their hands." This is the first definite, and, we presume, authentic statement we have seen that Kitchener was murdered by the Germans, and that the catastrophe was due to the criminal negligence of the naval authorities at Scapa Flow. That the cruiser carrying the Commander-in-Chief should have been despatched by a channel sown with German mines was more than an "unhappy error of judgment." It was crass carelessness, for which, in other times, those responsible would have been court-martialled and shot.

THE HAWK AND THE PELICAN

JOHN BRIGHT, in one of his happiest illustrations, quoted a passage from Livingstone, the African traveller, descriptive of the habits of two birds. The pelican, a dull, stupid bird, catches fish, which it puts, when secured, into a pouch or purse under its bill. The fish-hawk, which is neither dull nor stupid, hovers over the pelican, and waiting patiently until the latter has secured the fish, comes down upon him with a swoop and takes the fish from the purse, leaving the pelican delighted that the hawk has not taken him bodily away, and setting to work at once to catch another fish. The fish-hawk is a democratic Government; and the pelican is the tax-payer, who year after year sees his savings or his earnings taken from him, and, thankful that his life is left him, sets to work to make more money.

There is no cleverness, and a very dangerous injustice, in piling up the super-tax, and income-tax, and death duties, and excess profits tax, and clapping on a new tax on corporations, which is merely an addition to the income-tax under another name. The limit of exemption from income-tax, instead of being raised, should have been lowered to £100 a year, so as to bring in more of the working-classes with their greatly increased wages. Nor is it sound finance to increase the tax on such commodities as beer, spirits, wine, and cigars to such a height as must lead, not to increased revenue, but diminished consumption. Jewelry, on which fabulous sums are being spent by all sections of the new rich, is untaxed. The tax on motors, used for pleasure, ought to have been doubled, and the amusement-tax ought to have been raised so as to intercept some of the millions raked in by film proprietors and cinema houses. We need not assume that all the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposals will be carried. The new *ad valorem* tax on champagne, on the top of an increased duty, will certainly evoke strong protests from France, accompanied no doubt by threats of retaliatory increase of duties on British goods. And it looks as if the City would put up a strong opposition to the raising of the excess profits duty from 40 to 60 per cent. The writer happened to be one of a deputation that waited on Mr. McKenna, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1915, when the excess profits tax was first imposed. Mr. McKenna solemnly pledged the faith of the Government that the tax was for the purpose of the war, and would be remitted as soon as peace was declared. There was a time when the promise of a Chancellor of the Exchequer was as good as a bond, or an Act of Parliament. But Democracy regards engagements as Germany regards treaties. Thus do Autocracy and Democracy shake hands over scraps of paper, devices for getting what you want before being torn up.

The worst of the Budget is that it affords no glimmer of hope that taxation will be reduced in the life of the present generation. The war, during which we fed, clothed, and armed a navy and an army of four million men, has been over two years, and taxation has increased. More than half the tax-revenue of a thousand millions, namely, 500 millions, are devoted to "the Civil Service," a most dishonest label, for it is largely made up of pensions and subsidies and grants of wages to the manual workers. Is there any prospect of this item being decreased? Is there not a certainty that it will be increased? How the dockers' 16s. a day and the miners' last demand for a further rise in wages will be met, whether by more subsidies, or by an increase in the prices of coal and sea-borne goods, we do not know. What is clear from the Budget figures is that the mountain of taxation will only produce a mouse in the shape of seventy millions for the reduction of floating debt. Mr. Chamberlain's estimated surplus of £234,000,000, for the reduction of funded and external debts may not be realised. We may be wrong; but we incline to the opinion that his taxation has reached the danger point when it ceases to be productive. Until we see some earnest and tangible resolution in the Government to cut down expenses and to resist the constant demands for subsidies and increased wages, we shall expect the swoop of the fish-hawk on the helpless pelican.

SAN REMO AND THE GERMAN PERIL

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is the most interesting modern example of the man who succeeds because he is unprincipled. We use the word unprincipled in the correct, and not in the ordinary, sense. Usually in speaking of an unprincipled man, we really mean a man who is unscrupulous, a man who steadily pursues his own ends regardless of all others. Such a man is not, however, unprincipled. He is moved, on the contrary, by a very definite principle. He is determined somehow to succeed, and he behaves himself in accordance with an unwavering and systematic egoism. Intelligent egoism is his principle, and it animates all that he does. The really unprincipled man, on the other hand, has no such central idea or inspiration. He is an opportunist to the marrow, yielding now to this person and now to that, inevitably responding to the pressure of his immediate environment. He has within him no sure standard of thought or conduct. He is a medium for his time and for the company he keeps. He is abnormally sensitive to outside influence and is nature's supreme instance of protective colouring in mammals. Mr. Lloyd George is unprincipled in this sense to a pathological degree. He yields to his environment almost without being aware of it, certainly without doing the least violence to his own personal statements. Like the courtesan of temperament, he delights in passionate compliance; he has a positive ardour in yielding to the will or suggestions of another; and in the act of yielding he is most himself. His enthusiastic submissions are so instinctive and so intense that their altruistic character is seldom realised. He literally makes the passion or conviction of the hour, or of the persons with whom he associates, his own; and he is only in doubt whither to lead the nation when he has no one to follow, or when there is distraction in the counsels by which he is surrounded. Thereby we explain his popularity, his success as a mediator, his ability to convince all parties that he is the only possible saviour of the country. Thereby we explain his career as Radical agitator, as National despot, as Cosmopolitan negotiator, as Coalition Premier. Thereby we understand how he can speak like a Nonconformist country lawyer in Criccieth, and behave like a man of the world in Paris. Thereby, in brief, we can measure his complete success as a politician, and thereby we shall estimate, when the full story is told, his comparative failure as a statesman.

Mr. Lloyd George's character is now thoroughly understood on the Continent, where he is feared as people with definite ends fear the incalculable. France and Italy feel towards him more as men feel towards a capricious great lady than as they would feel towards the responsible representative of a great Empire. We may be sure that at San Remo no pains will be spared to inspire him with favourable dispositions; and, as M. Millerand is a strong man of clear, if mistaken, views, of what is necessary for the safety of France, we may expect to see Great Britain re-committed to a strict fulfilment of the Treaty of Versailles. It is true that Signor Nitti may also have something to say, and that Mr. Lloyd George between these masculine intelligences may be reduced to practising a political coquetry which will result in some sort of compromise between the French view, which involves the ruin of Central Europe, and the Italian view, which desires to salvage what remains of European civilisation East of the Rhine. But France at San Remo enjoys the prestige of her recent victory in the occupied provinces. In their late action on the Rhine, the French Government doubtless did not fail to take into account the temperament of our Prime Minister. They have learned that for all his apparent wilfulness (a semblance due to the impulsive facility with which he adopts other people's convictions), Mr. Lloyd George cannot bear to be unpopular; that he will always yield before anyone who is really determined to have his way, if there is no one equally determined and equally present on

the other side. We must expect that Mr. Lloyd George, having learned that M. Millerand is in earnest, and being at some distance from London, will soon be ardently persuaded that the salvation of the world depends on weakening the present German government as far as possible, and that the millennium will be maintained as soon as we can begin to write Saverne for Zabern.

We yield to no one in our admiration of the French genius, or in the warmth of our desire to see France strengthened in every possible way. We detest the doctrines and the measures whereby Germany for more than a generation before the war distressed and overawed the other nations of Europe. We do not desire her to render less than a just retribution for her offences. But we are to-day confronted with a situation before which the present apprehensions of the French Government regarding Germany seem as fantastical and illusory as the grievances of an Irish peasant with his head full of Oliver Cromwell and the Battle of the Boyne. The German peril is real enough, but it is not the peril of 1870 or 1914. If the moderate forces of law and order are defeated in Germany, the menace of plague and desolation will move from the comparatively remote regions of Poland and Lithuania to the Rhine itself, and France will be the first to suffer. For the moment in Germany a more or less stable government stands between the two extreme parties which are prepared to help one another to overturn the existing order of things, as a preliminary to cutting one another's throats. On one side are the militarist reactionaries, and on the other are the Bolsheviks. The position, in fact, is not unlike that which obtained in the early days of the Russian revolution. The policy of all civilised governments must be to strengthen the present government of Germany by every possible means against both the extreme parties. If we exaggerate the strength of the militarists, and insist on measures which will weaken and still further disarm the *de facto* German Government, we are preparing the way for a reactionary *coup d'état* to be followed inevitably by a universal anarchy which in a few months will give to the Treaty of Versailles the appearance of an historical curiosity. Unfortunately, there is at San Remo no one (unless it be Signor Nitti) who has any real appreciation of the danger. M. Millerand cannot get the Germany of 1914 out of his head, and Mr. Lloyd George has little knowledge or comprehension of the international position. A continuation of the present line of policy will be fatal to Europe. It has already honeycombed Germany with unofficial organisations, both revolutionary and reactionary, over which the German Government has no control. It will ultimately lead to a state of things in which Germany, because she has nothing to lose and nothing to hope for, will be ready to assist Russia in pulling down the pillars of the modern world.

Meanwhile, it is slowly being realised that the institution devised by our international statesmen for the salvation of mankind, was born with a millstone round its neck. The Conference of Paris with an unconscious malevolence which Mr. Thomas Hardy would feel impelled to attribute to some unseen supernatural chorus of ironical comedians, in forming a League of Nations which was to introduce a new epoch in human affairs, decided that this hopeful institution should also be entrusted with executing portions of a Treaty belonging almost wholly to the old order of ideas. Already we hear strange rumours from the country of the Saar, a territory which is to be administered internationally for fifteen years under the supervision of the League. We recently drew attention to the appointment by the Council of the League of Nations of a French President of the Commission which was to govern the Saar—an appointment which seemed wholly at variance with the international compromise intended by the Treaty. We now hear that the Governing Commission has appointed to the higher posts of its administration a staff almost entirely French, and that the German inhabitants are in open rebellion. The League seems here to be confronted with a problem vital to its future. If the League by a weak compliance with the policies of national governments pursuing their own individual

interests comes to be regarded by the world at large as merely an instrument for the enforcement of the Treaty of Versailles, all the hopes based upon it by sanguine observers fall to the ground. The League must take an early opportunity of proving its independence and breadth of view. If what we hear of the present crisis in the Saar is at all true, the opportunity would seem already to have presented itself. The League is sovereign in the Saar, and as sovereign, it is bound to see that this province is administered in such a way that at the end of fifteen years the inhabitants will be able to vote freely upon their political destiny. It speaks ill for the international rule of the League, if within two months of its assuming responsibility all the higher officials in a province (mainly German) are French, and if all the subordinates, backed by the population at large, are in flat rebellion. We are not surprised that the Treaty of Versailles should have this effect. The Treaty of Versailles, like the old lady of Banbury Cross, will make such music wherever it goes. But the League of Nations was intended for better things.

THE AUTHOR OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the most picturesque figure in the American War of Independence, was born in the Island of Nevis, then as now a British possession, on January 11th, 1757. His father came of a Lanarkshire family, his mother, the divorced wife of a Danish planter of St. Croix, was of Huguenot descent, but her death, following on his father's bankruptcy, led to his being put into the counting-house of a Mr. Cruger, of St. Croix, at the age of 11, not to his ultimate disadvantage, however, since during his employer's absence he was actually left in charge of the business. This boy not only proved himself a competent man of affairs, but kept up his reading, became an excellent French scholar, and such was the impression produced on the minds of some friends by a description of a hurricane written by him at the age of fifteen that they determined to send him to college. His studies were, however, cut short by the outbreak of the War of Independence, and in the winter of 1774-5 he produced two pamphlets which exercised a great influence upon public opinion, and, as the works of a boy of seventeen, are almost unparalleled for maturity of thought and brilliance of wit and argument. But his was not pen service alone. He organised an artillery company and was put at the head of it; distinguished himself in the campaign of 1776; won the attention of Washington, and next year joined his staff as Lieutenant-Colonel, serving for four years as his confidential secretary. He married Elizabeth Schuyler, daughter of the well-known general, but growing restive under Washington's authority, and thirsting for military glory, this self-confident youth threw up his appointment from a desire for more independent action, obtained a field appointment, and led that assault upon the works at York Town, which practically ended the War. But military enthusiasm soon gave place to constructive political effort. As early as 1779 he had perceived the necessity of a strong and centralized government, and a year's experience of the methods of Congress in 1782-3 sent him to the comparative retirement of the Bar, where he distinguished himself by championing the cause of oppressed Loyalists in the teeth of popular clamour. In 1788 he was sent to the Annapolis Convention as a delegate from New York, and was instrumental in causing Madison to summon the Federal Convention at Philadelphia, where, when those opposed to a Federal constitution withdrew, he signed the Constitution on behalf of his own State. But his anti-Federal Colleagues outnumbered him, and he withdrew from the debates after his famous speech of June 18th, 1787, in which he scandalized many of his colleagues by praising the British Constitution. Aware that a king, even an elective king, would never be accepted in America, he desired a strong centralized union based on the rights of property. His solution was a two-chamber government, the said chambers to

consist of an Assembly with triennial elections, and a Senate presided over by a Governor, elected by voters with a property notification, and holding office for life. Each Federal State was to have a Governor appointed by the central government and to possess an unqualified veto on State as the Federal Governor on Federal affairs; the control of the national militia being vested in the Federal Government.

The scheme was not to be; but his publication, 'The Federalist,' enlisted so much interest on the Federal side, that the anti-Federalists failed in their desire to wreck the constitution at the New York Convention of 1788, and Hamilton became Secretary to the Treasury in Washington's Cabinet, thus taking office in the very Government for whose existence he more than anyone else was responsible. Like Milton, he used his pen to spread the principles of the Constitutional authority with which he was connected. His pamphlets on public credit upheld the principles of honour against opportunism; his Report on Manufactures enforced the principle of their encouragement by State bounties, paid by surplus revenues arising from duties on imported manufactures, his report advocating a national bank and his work on the national finances established American credit; and he more than any other man is responsible for the American tradition of a benevolent neutrality. Hamilton was among the earliest to detect the weaknesses in the policy identified with Adam Smith in the 'Wealth of Nations,' and to point out that war would reveal its dangers. Friederich List, one of the founders of modern economic Germany, based his 'National System of Political Economy' (a book now-a-days too little studied) on Hamilton's views and it might also be said that it is from him or List that Mr. Chamberlain drew inspiration for his Colonial Preference and Fiscal Reform. It is remarkable to note that Hamilton's opinions were recently supported by the Association of British Chambers of Commerce who, at a special meeting called for the purpose, in 1916, declared, for the guidance of the Government, that the war was showing that the "strength and safety of the nation lies in its power of production in its own factories and fields." "Production at home," was Hamilton's creed, as opposed to the possession of mere wealth and symbols of value, upon which Adam Smith, omitting to allow for war, except in regard to the Navigation Acts, based his famous essay.

But he met with opposition, from Jefferson chiefly, who admired Jacobinism and hated the English aristocratic system, and the two historic parties, Federalists and Democrats, were the apparently permanent consequence of their feud. Hamilton had the wisdom, rare among revolutionary leaders, to perceive that liberty was not the only thing wanted; stability of principle, vigour in operation were, he said, equally essential. Even when in power, he would never play to the gallery: "men were not reasonable animals," he declared, "reasoning animals," if you like; and the democratic philosophy of the day was scandalised. And his Federalism even was suspect of the foolish; he was accused of trying to introduce monarchy, of underhand dealings against democracy, which he dared to describe, after the democratic victory of 1800, as "our real disease," a phrase which seemed to give his enemies, who did not choose to recognise his lofty idealism, a handle for their most impassioned charges against him. His Federalism was but an agent to strengthen the still greater cause of Nationality; to uphold the Union, to weld the United States into one people; this was his dream and to him, more than anyone else, its accomplishment is due. Probably the highest compliment he could have received was the unrelenting enmity of Aaron Burr, the founder, if not of Tammany Hall itself, at least of the political machine upon which it rests. Burr's treasonable correspondence with England and Spain after Hamilton's death confirmed the suspicion with which that statesman regarded a man described by a recent biographer as at once "unscrupulous, insincere, and notoriously immoral." Burr had been Hamilton's rival at the bar, in politics, in private life, and had secured and published a private letter of his on the eve of the election of 1800, when the

Democrats won their triumph, thereby securing for himself an equal number of votes with Jefferson. Burr never forgave the efforts by which Hamilton induced the House of Representatives to secure his rejection; and the Vice-Presidency, which Burr of course obtained, though it showed him as more fair and judicial than had been expected, did not soften his feelings towards his rival. He forced a quarrel on Hamilton on hearsay evidence; Hamilton accepted the challenge; and Burr's first ball gave him a mortal wound. The following day, July 12th, 1804, saw the death of the ablest, noblest, and the most fairminded of Revolutionary statesmen. We all know, or know of, Washington's 'Farewell Address,' of September 17th, 1796, with its noble periods and lofty patriotism; we do not all remember that it was written by Alexander Hamilton, that slender, striking figure with the black sparkling eyes, who combined a legal coolness of judgment and power of argument with a boyish enthusiasm, a youthful imprudence of speech, and an unvarying loyalty to the highest principles, when his popularity, his life, even were endangered by his stand for truth. Rash and inconsiderate he might sometimes be, but his worst enemies held their peace, his bitterest political opponents openly lamented, when the fatal bullet cut short the career of one to whom Washington turned continually for advice and guidance, whose predominating influence for good over that great man, whose sagacity, industry, and brilliant ability added lustre to the name most honoured among Presidents of the United States.

DIVORCE REFORM

THE supporters of Lord Buckmaster's Bill are not going to be deterred by the vote of the House of Commons against Mr. Rendall's motion. There are some people who, if they moved in the House a resolution in favour of the monarchic principle, or the continued existence of the Empire, would fail to carry it; Mr. Rendall is one of these. The defeat of his motion was due to the facts that it was inopportune and unnecessary and that the supporters of Divorce Reform were not mobilised for the occasion, whereas the ecclesiastically-minded members, well organised for their recent Enabling Bill campaign, turned up in force. The division did not represent the true opinions of the House.

One feature of the debate compels frank comment. Lady Astor took it upon herself to express "the woman's point of view." She told the House that "the spiritual idea, which started in the East, had been more highly developed in the West, and it was that which had elevated Western women a little above their Eastern sisters." We quite agree that European and especially British, women are distinctly more elevated than "their Eastern sisters." But this geographical comparison must stop there. Lady Astor hails from a country to the west of this island, and if American women are compared with "their Eastern sisters" in this country, the comparison is in favour of the latter. The most powerful argument against Divorce Reform is the example of America. The rate at which American wives of British celebrities are practising American ideas of divorce in this country is alarming. Lady Astor, who is only Lady Astor because of the state of the matrimonial laws in America, would have acted with more prudence and propriety if she had held her tongue on this subject.

Lord Buckmaster's Bill attempts to interpret into law all the recommendations of the Majority Report of the Divorce Commission. That report recommended that desertion for three years, cruelty, incurable insanity, incurable drunkenness, and a commuted death sentence should be made grounds for divorce. The soundest argument used in the Minority Report is that "proposals like these have not even the semblance of finality. They are frankly opportunist, designed to meet what are supposed to be the practical needs of the moment and capable of expansion in any direction under the pressure for further facilities which concession is almost

certain to produce." The Minority Report went on to say that "if the State is to maintain any clear attitude as to divorce, it must take its stand upon some guiding principle." We fully sympathise with the ideals of the Minority Commissioners, but, unfortunately for their case, they can only obtain their "guiding principle" by placing their own interpretation upon a few doubtful passages in the New Testament, by twisting Christian teaching into an arbitrary social code (which it was never intended to be), and by placing Christian teaching on the level of the Mosaic Law which it expressly superseded. There is, unfortunately, no fundamental standard for anyone who is not prepared to say that all divorce should be abolished. and even those who are ready to argue thus have great difficulty in proving the authority upon which they base their assertions. It seems to us that both the critics of Divorce Reform and the supporters of Lord Buckmaster's Bill go too far.

The opponents of Divorce Reform must face the abominable conditions which exist at the present moment. Anybody who has had experience of the Divorce Court knows that its procedure is frequently a farce as matters stand. Collusion exists to an appalling extent, despite the outward horror of any suggestion of its existence. The "camouflaged night at a hotel" is only too often a pre-arranged affair, fixed up by the parties, or, more often, by their highly paid lawyers. The procedure known as "Restitution of Conjugal Rights" has been distorted into the very reverse of what was originally intended. The heart-broken letter in which the deserted wife implores her husband to return is frequently drafted in the Temple and usually the last thing that the wife desires is that her husband should comply with its request. These are facts, and the courageous speech of Lord Coleridge, who spoke of his own experience as a Divorce judge, should compel people to face them. There must be a big change in existing conditions; but that is not to say that all the recommendations in the Majority Report should be accepted.

One of the first reforms that are necessary is that our marriage laws shall be stiffened up. On August 1st, 1919, the Registrar-General wrote to the *Times*, that "the marriage laws of this country afford less security against bigamy than those of almost any other civilized state," and, if they afford inadequate security against bigamy, they also encourage unions which must lead to divorce. Far greater publicity, better identification, and, as a rule, longer delay are necessary, especially in cases of marriages in registry offices. The Registrar-General has definite proposals to meet this need and they should be an integral part of any widening of the divorce laws.

There is now a great opportunity for real statesmanship. The ultra-ecclesiastical party is at a discount; it is worthy of note that the Churchmen's Union, the organisation of the Broad Church party, has recently declared that an extension of the grounds for divorce is "not opposed to any fundamental or ethical principle of Christian ethics." But the reformers must convince the public that their enthusiasm for divorce is not greater than their enthusiasm for marriage. Englishmen cannot and will not allow American conditions in this country. It seems to us that it would be a sound step if Lord Buckmaster limited his Bill, apart from merely administrative reforms such as local jurisdiction, to bringing English law into line with the law of Scotland, under which wilful desertion for four years has been a ground for divorce since 1573. It cannot seriously be suggested that marital morality is at a lower ebb in Scotland than it is with us. Here are nearly four hundred years of practical experience in our own island. To bring English and Scots law into harmony in this respect (i.e., to make adultery or four years' desertion the grounds of divorce), would get rid of the serious evils of the present system without importing the evils of the American system. We doubt very much whether there is any demand for the other "fancy grounds" for divorce which the Majority Commissioners recommended and which Lord Buckmaster now proposes.

THE INFANCY OF INTERNATIONAL LAW

THE German Commission appointed to investigate charges of the violation of international law, has made a report upon the proceedings of the Bruges court-martial which condemned Captain Fryatt. As might have been expected, it is to the effect that, though the execution of the court-martial's sentence was "unnecessarily speedy," its judgment is unimpeachable; there is no universally acknowledged right on the part of a belligerent merchantman to defend herself; that is the Anglo-American view, shown to be erroneous by the fact that the Germans dissent from it. There is a further contention that what Captain Fryatt did was not done in self-defence, but constituted an attack upon the U33; an argument to which the announcement of the German Admiralty prior to the encounter that every enemy merchant ship found in British waters would be destroyed, "even if it is not always possible to avoid the dangers which threaten the crews and passengers," goes far to supply a sufficient answer. It is not, however, our present purpose to recall the circumstances of Fryatt's offending, or to comment upon the findings of the Commission further than to point out that the reduction of the law applicable to any matter to opposing sets of "views" is an implicit denial that there is any law at all. As between the subjects of a state it is fairly obvious whether this principle would lead. It may be that as between states the lawlessness that must result from pushing thus far the precious right of private judgment actually exists: and one wonders, looking at the intercourse of nations in times long past, whether the modern world has not gone backwards as compared with the middle ages in respect to its faith in law, as in some other things. We hope it may be a paradox: but there is evidence of a juridical accord amongst the peoples of Europe of that time that seems to give it proof.

The compliment paid to the justice administered by the English 'Curia Regis' in Henry the Second's reign, when the kings of Castille and Navarre agreed to submit to its decision the differences between them, was more than an early instance of international arbitration before a neutral sovereign, or bench of jurists appointed *ad hoc*. In form it was a law-suit, and the bringing of it implied a belief in principles of equity that were not the less universal because dispensed by the ordinary judicial machinery of a foreign kingdom. But it is the medieval codes of maritime law that afford the most striking illustration of the catholicism of that age, because they claimed and obtained the obedience of men of many different nations. The Rolls of Oléron were accepted as a common maritime law in every country bordering upon the Atlantic. The mayors and bailiffs of English sea-port boroughs administered justice to the passing sea-faring foreigner by the light of them. The trading cities of the Baltic incorporated their provisions into their own ordinances. Similarly the Consolat del Mar, drawn up at Barcelona for the use of maritime courts, regulated the intercourse between men of diverse tongues in the Mediterranean. These collections of laws grew out of custom; neither prince nor parliament of any of the countries to which those who submitted to them belonged had ordained them. They had no more a legislative foundation, and no more central political authority behind them than the public international law of the post-Grotian period, though the municipal maritime courts of many lands took cognizance of them. It is true that for the most part they were concerned with the peaceful business of merchants and shipmasters: but the Mediterranean code contains chapters upon prize in war, to which more than once in the fifteenth century English commanders at sea conformed in their treatment of neutral shipping.

The causes of this legal oneness are no more, and of course, there are no footsteps backward. Up to the sixteenth century the ghost of the world-wide Roman Empire still seemed to men to hover behind the living

body of Roman law. There was, moreover, a common Christendom with a common enemy, the predatory Saracen, for ever on its southern front. And the Reformation had not yet bequeathed to Europe what has been called its supreme achievement, the independent modern State, which, as in the instance with which we set out, is apt to be a law unto itself. It had perhaps better be left doubtful whether the title of this article is more properly applicable to the unenlightened times we have glanced at, or to these present.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE VALUATION OF LABOUR.

SIR,—Tens of thousands of the suffering middle-class will be grateful for your indictment of the unutterably pusillanimous weakness of Lord Shaw's report.

This question of moral courage in addressing those who work with their hands, will soon become one of life and death for those who do not.

And most clearly such luminaries as are entrusted with these eternal and hydra-headed "wage-questions" are little use if their suggestions are to be based on vague sentiment and not on some defined and philosophic principles commanding general assent and capable of being enforced upon all. If it is the case (I assume your statement to be correct) that a docker—something near the lowest class of labour—can earn, if he likes, £3 to £4 in less than two days' work, that is a shame and a scandal. It is, perhaps, no less an absurdity that a boy recruit in the police force should receive, as I understand is the fact, £150 per annum. In any case, there are plenty of similarly questionable examples, which have been decided so far, we may say, mainly by force or fraud, in favour of one particular set of workers or another. It is only quite lately that Government has shown a capacity for "meeting" any branch of the working-class *without* promptly assenting to any demand backed by sufficient threats of public suffering. But the increased cost of living affects all classes, not one only—and no single stratum of society has a right to demand a sudden and unprecedented advance in comfort, irrespectively of the others. And even that well-worn plea is now often ignored, and the demand based frankly on a vague Bolshevik idealism which needs to be confronted (and has not yet been confronted) by some serious attempt at a philosophic *Valuation of Labour*.

And at such a disturbed and disturbing moment, Sir Leo Chiozza Money contributes his quota by an assurance that a dock labourer's or steel rivetter's work is worth more than that of any mental worker. If this is not an outburst of confession after a misspent life of academic agitation and economic sophistry, surely it is the most palpable nonsense ever printed.

G. H. POWELL.

QUEENSLAND AND MR. RYAN.

SIR,—The Agent-General for Queensland, commenting on the statement contained in your issue of the 3rd inst., in which it was stated that Queensland was ruined, remarked that he thought that, like the reported death of Mark Twain, it was very much exaggerated.

In the circumstances he felt it was his duty, as the representative of that State in this country, to correct the erroneous and injurious influences that such a statement might have upon the welfare of Queensland if it went unchallenged.

He desired to state that even if it were true, which it was not, that all the State Enterprises entered into had lost money, that would not be sufficient to ruin Queensland, which undoubtedly was one of the richest States of the Commonwealth.

He stated it was not his function to enter into any political controversy, but it was his duty to maintain the fair name of the State and to see that its great potentialities were made known to the British public, and have any misrepresentations made, whether wilfully or otherwise, corrected.

Referring to your statement in your issue of the 3rd inst., he said he thought that special reference to the increase of taxes in Queensland was hardly fair, when it was realised, as all must realise, that greatly increased taxation was common to all countries during that period, prominent amongst which was Great Britain itself.

The loss on railways may be accounted for by the increased cost of fuel, railway stores, material and labour consequent on the war. Add to this reduced production owing to the number of men at the War and the consequent reduced traffic and revenue, against which loss no adequate increase in fares or freights was made because, in view of the War and the drought which prevailed, it was not considered desirable to inflict heavier burdens upon the producers and the users of railways.

With regard to the State Enterprises initiated, during the four years referred to, by the Ryan Administration, the facts were that there were eight such enterprises, of which seven made a profit and on one there was a loss. As proof of this he submitted particulars taken from the Report of the Auditor-General upon the accounts for the past year, which gave the representative results of the trading for the years 1918-19 as follows:—

	Net Profit		Net Loss	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
State Stations ...	43,975	3 10		
State Butcher Shops ...	36,997	0 4		
Railway Refreshment Rooms ...	9,336	11 7		
Produce Agency ...	1,052	10 0		
Sawmills ...	3,156	6 2		
Hotel, Babinda ...	120	1 2		
State Insurance ...	68,476	7 11		
State Fish Supply ...			8,536	4 7

From the above it will be seen that the total profits for the year, after deducting the loss on Fisheries, were £154,577 16s. 5d.

J. M. HUNTER.

[We have not had time to check these figures, and are not prepared to accept these official statements (without further examination) as more accurate than the statement of the *Sydney Bulletin*, on which we based our Note.—Ed. S.R.]

THE IRISH AMERICAN.

SIR,—As long as white Englishmen persist in *attempting* to rule white Irishmen, the Irish question will never be settled. That is what you meant to say, of course. We, in America, stand appalled at the criminal attempts of Britain to force Ireland to obey laws made for them by an alien. How would you like to obey laws made for your island by Germany? That's how we regard the situation. In our opinion—yes, belief—any Irishman who obeys English laws is a traitor to his own land; and, conversely, all Irishmen who advocate resistance to foreign control are patriots. Why not? That was the observance here in the dark days of our own Revolution—days when the Irish as well as the French helped us so greatly. Would you counsel obedience of your countrymen to laws made for them by Irishmen? Do not Englishmen love their freedom? How would you feel about it now if Germany were ruling England, a fate from which we, with hundreds of thousands of our Irish blooded citizens saved you? Have you no gratitude for this? Do you forget when Haig had his "back to the wall"? Well, take notice, that great was the danger to your island then, it is in far greater peril now. For we will not permit you to flout the wishes and desires of our boys, who fought that you might be free—you, and Ireland too. We are determined on that. (See the United States Senate's Resolutions of June, 1919 and March, 1920). We have just begun to fight.

The *Nation* and the *Manchester Guardian* seem to be the only sane papers in England.

We wonder at the cursed greed that runs in the blood of Britishers. We Americans are not diseased

so; we want all countries to be free and independent and devoid of Kings and Queens and such lazy dogs.

J. P. McGEE.

2802 Napoleon, New Orleans.

[This farrago of nonsense of course proceeds from an Irish-American, and is only worth publishing as a reflection of the dark web of ignorance that constitutes the mind of that human type. And the policy of the United States is guided by men of this stamp!—Ed. S.R.]

TUBS v. BATHS.

SIR,—I know nothing of the respective merits of Tubs v. Baths, because soldiers, or, I should say, officers, are never provided with the latter (soldiers have had baths for many years).

I do, however, question the truth of your comment when you say: "As for cleanliness, the big American bath is incomparably superior to a pannikin of cold water."

The (Malay) Mahomedan considers that water which has once touched the human body is unclean, and, consequently, that to sit in water is to sit in unclean water. I am not a Mahomedan, nor do I splash " (splashing," I imagine postulates cold water and I haven't had a voluntary cold bath for 20 years) but—quite apart from the physical pleasure of wallowing in a hot bath—I am quite sure that one never feels quite so clean as when one has poured quite a number of pannikins of hot water over oneself, standing on a concrete floor, and seen the "defiled" water run away every time of refilling the pannikin.

If "One Who Splashes" had been at Oxford, he need not have splashed in 1899—I splashed until that year, then wallowed—for a year—in hot water, thenceforward ceasing to splash for ever, have contented myself with a pannikin or two of hot water per diem.

Cambridge, however, ever lagged behind Oxford in things that matter, didn't it?

F. W. T.

[We fancy our correspondent has been in Java, the only place we know of where the bath consists in scooping up pannikins of water out of a stone or cement well, and pouring it over the body *ad lib*. With the price of soap more than doubled and the laundry bill trebled, few people are nowadays clean, except profiteers—and then it is only the outside of the platter.—Ed. S.R.]

ENGLISH PAPERS AND BOOKS IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

SIR,—In his résumé of the contents of the April Reviews the *Times* reviewer, in the issue of that paper for the 1st instant, remarks:—"The monthly reviews have probably never before been so healthy or so serviceable to the thinking public as they are in these days of vast problems and tangled circumstances."

Few will probably be disposed to question the truth of this remark and it is, therefore, in my opinion, more than ever desirable that these reviews should be widely read not only at home, but also abroad.

But owing to the rate of exchange English books and periodicals have become to a great extent inaccessible to readers in Central Europe. In this country, for example, the rate of exchange, which prior to the War was Kr. 24 to the £ sterling, now stands at anything from Kr. 250 to Kr. 300 to the £. In these circumstances half-a-crown represents about 35 Kronen.

The proprietors of certain London daily newspapers, recognising the importance of British Consulates as reading and distributing centres, have recently undertaken to supply their journals to those Consulates free of charge. I do not know whether the weeklies would be prepared to follow the spirited lead which the dailies have given in this connexion.

I can assure you, however, that, so far as this Consulate is concerned, your publication would be widely read and keenly appreciated.

G. B. BEAK,
H.M. Consul.

British Consulate, Prague.
April 14th, 1920.

EDWARD DE VERE AND SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. J. Thomas Looney calls the review of his book "an ill-natured anonymous attack." I should have no objection to signing my name if that was the custom of the SATURDAY REVIEW. As for the other adjective, I have no personal reason to cherish rancour against Mr. Looney. But I do not call the kindly, vague reporting of to-day criticism. It is the critic's business to detect incompetence, and, I may add, to denounce misplaced arrogance and conceit. Mr. Looney admits that he is an amateur, and is clearly annoyed when he is tackled by a professional.

He has raised two special points, to which it is, perhaps, worth while to reply.

(1) Shakespeare, as explained by Mr. Looney, made a little joke. When he wrote "Boyet," he meant Sir Thomas Knyvet. Mr. Looney declares that my mind "is evidently confused" on this point, and suggests that I accuse Shakespeare of not studying the science of etymology. The reader can see the passage on p. 300 of the book. There he will find

"Sir Thomas Knyvet; the word is variously spelt, like most names in those days, but the etymological connection is obvious."

This surely is the statement, not of Shakespeare, but of J. T. Looney. A joke is a debatable point. Mr. Looney may keep his sense of his own humour and Shakespeare's, and I will keep mine.

(2) I thought and think it a gross impertinence on the part of Mr. Looney to explain what Andrew Lang ought to have written about Shakespeare and Scott. Lang, with whom I have talked on these matters, was an accomplished scholar and an accomplished writer. Mr. Looney is neither. He cribs wholesale from scholars, and condescends to correct them.

If I have pointed the way to a "right consideration" of Mr. Looney's merits, he ought to be grateful. After all, as Bentley said, "Depend upon it, no man was ever written down but by himself." The public will decide. That vague word, however, covers a vast multitude of readers. I am free to confess that I write for the educated section.

YOUR REVIEWER.

SCIENCE AND UGLINESS.

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Coleridge's book, 'The Idolatry of Science,' has called forth some qualified encomiums from the Press.

'Science and Ugliness,' the title of one of the chapters, has an arrestive character, especially at the present time. It seems difficult to escape from the truth implied in Mr. Coleridge's mordacious stricture, that ugliness is and can be the only outcome of science when morally misdirected, as witness the deforming effects of the late hideous war in demoralisation of human character; reduction of persons to torsos, lunatics and imbeciles, and disfigurement of countries which will take many decades to efface. These afford egregiously painful examples of the deforming effects of science when made a destructive and deadly agent instead of a constructive, life-giving and thereby beautifying one.

Vivisection presents science reduced to the same repulsive and internecine antagonism to that poetic beauty the realisation of which seems to be the inalienable concomitant of human progress. There is a grotesque horror in its methods of research, and of treatment based on them, of injection with endless cultures of microbic toxins, not infrequently with tragic results.

A recent reviewer of Mr. Stephen Paget's book 'Sir Victor Horsley: A Study of His Life and Work,' says: "His (Sir Victor Horsley's) mind was definitely of the scientific order, as distinct from the philosophic and the artistic. He was not only an active and violent defender of vivisection, but one of its most eminent and successful practitioners. His mind was of such an order that he probably never began to realise the force of the true case against it. It is to be hoped that not many young men of twenty are capable of making an

entry such as this in their diary without further comment or reflection:—"Strasbourg—The physiological institute: We saw Professors Goltz's and Hoppe-Seyler's laboratories. That of the latter, except his private room, was in a most filthy condition, and how they could get trustworthy results is a mystery. We saw several of Goltz's dogs, which were very interesting." The reviewer concludes: "The true case against vivisection does not depend on its practical utility or uselessness, but on principles of religion and aesthetics, of which neither Sir Victor Horsley nor Mr Stephen Paget could make head or tail."

The only legitimate sphere of action of science, i.e., the province of the exclusively intellectual relations of the human consciousness, is to raise the human identity nearer to the Divine, by intensifying and enlarging the vitality of its moral relations. Apart from this as its purpose, even if pursued as an end in itself, without being prostituted and perverted to the service of the basest passions in their most depraved phasis of direction, as in the late war, science is only a form of self-delusion, because it is a department of mental power divorced from the moral interests of the soul, and hence operating in opposition to them.

"We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best," says P. J. Bailey. It is absolutely impossible to think otherwise than noble thoughts while the consciousness is dominated by noble feeling, and as Blake truly says, "Thought is act."

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

MACAULAY ON PUSSYFOOT.

SIR,—I read with much interest your article of a short time back on the subject of the machinations of Pussyfoot. Perhaps the following passage from Macaulay's History, Ch. VIII., Reign of James II., 1688, may be not altogether without point at the present time. After describing the measures taken by the government of James II., with a view to coercing the nation into following the wishes of the Court, Macaulay goes on to say:—

"There is reason to believe that the Government at this time seriously meditated a blow which would have reduced many thousands of families to beggary, and would have disturbed the whole social system of every part of the country. No wine, beer, or coffee, could be sold without a licence. It was rumoured that every person holding such a licence would shortly be required to enter into the engagements which had been imposed on public functionaries, or to relinquish his trade. It seems certain, that, if such a step had been taken, the houses of entertainment and of public resort all over the kingdom would have been at once shut up by hundreds. What effect such an interference with the comfort of all ranks would have produced must be left to conjecture. The resentment produced by grievances is not always proportioned to their dignity; and it is by no means improbable that the resumption of licences might have done what the resumption of charters had failed to do. Men of fashion would have missed the chocolate house in St. James's Street, and men of business the coffee pot, round which they were accustomed to smoke and talk politics in Change Alley. Half the clubs would have been wandering in search of shelter. The traveller at nightfall would have found the inn where he had expected to sup and lodge deserted. The clown would have regretted the hedge ale house, where he had been accustomed to take his pot on the bench before the door in summer, and at the chimney corner in winter. The nation might, perhaps, under such provocation, have risen in general rebellion without waiting for the help of foreign allies."

H. G. W. H.

*. We regret that considerations of space have led us to hold over several interesting letters which have reached us this week.

REVIEWS

K. OF K.

Life of Lord Kitchener. By Sir George Arthur. Three Volumes. Macmillan. £2 12s. 6d. net.

THE Great War is still too recent an event for interest aroused in what Lord Kitchener accomplished in other fields of endeavour to vie with that taken in his achievements as War Minister and transformer of the United Kingdom into a great military State. But if the third and final volume of Sir George Arthur's brilliant biography is sure to attract attention on this account at the expense of the earlier ones, the graphically told tale of the great soldier's rise to the position in the hearts of his country which compelled his call to Whitehall in August, 1914, will assuredly not be found unworthy of the occasion. There is not a dull page in the record of Palestine, of Egypt and the Sudan, of the South African war, and of the seven years of epoch-making chief command in India. To the younger generation among us, the story as traced in the earlier chapters by a master-hand will moreover have the freshness of novelty. The author was an intimate friend of Kitchener's and in his confidence. Furnished as he is with a keen sense of proportion and a wide knowledge of men and things, possessor of a literary style which is at once graceful and trenchant, and having at his disposal much documentary matter which few besides himself have seen, he was equipped with special qualifications for undertaking this memoir of one of the foremost figures of our time when he accepted the task. But the very fact of his intimate association with his late chief has in certain directions proved a handicap.

The biographer takes a one-sided view with regard to certain incidents in Kitchener's career and in consequence lays his work, admirable as it is, open to some criticism. We have, for instance, a new light thrown upon the much-discussed Antwerp affair, being told that the Secretary of State seized upon this opportunity to extract an additional division for the front out of a Government loth to liberate it from home defence. But that does not excuse employing the division as a detached force, nor yet pressing the Belgians to hold on to a fortress which was becoming a trap. Sir G. Arthur begs the question when he remarks that "without the corps which Kitchener so hardly squeezed from the Government, Ypres would certainly have fallen into the enemy's hands." The situation at Ypres did not grow critical until a fortnight had elapsed after the 7th Division took ship for Zeebrugge, and during the interval the 8th Division had been organised in England so that any plea for retaining the former on this side of the Channel, which might have influenced the Cabinet, was disposed of. Again, the author resents the Dardanelles Commission's suggestion that Kitchener somewhat neglected to consult his subordinates, but he would seem to have misread the Commissioners' finding:—"We are of opinion that Lord Kitchener did not sufficiently avail himself of the services of his General Staff . . ." The question was whether the War Minister consulted his General Staff as to the merits, as an operation of war, of the proposed naval attack, or of the consequential military attack, upon the Straits. The Commissioners said nothing about the Secretary of State's relations with the administrative military departments of the War Office; but it is common knowledge that the General Staff, such as it was, looked askance at the Dardanelles business from the moment it was mooted, and proved to be right. It may be observed that the biography mentions an interesting point affecting the labours of a rival commission, the Mesopotamia Commission. We learn that Kitchener made strong representations against the advance to Baghdad, which had so untoward a sequel. Surely some mention of this ought to have been made in the Commission's Report.

But if we are unable to accept a few passages in

these three absorbing volumes—and notably in the last one—as giving a perfectly just conception of the famous soldier-administrator's share in great events, the author has made out an excellent case for the Secretary of State's handling of the munitions problem. But for the fact that the mouths of those best acquainted with the subject were closed at the time, the nation and the army would never have been misled as they were in this connection, nor would they have assumed that the great increase in ammunition output which followed almost immediately upon the setting up of the Munitions Ministry was the handiwork of Mr. Lloyd George and his assistants.

Lord French, it will be remembered, dealt somewhat forcibly with this subject in his book published last year; but we are now provided with an almost crushing reply to his allegations, although the incident of Mr. Asquith's speech at Newcastle remains mysterious as ever. The troops had suffered sorely from a grave, if unavoidable, shell-shortage most of the winter and during the early spring, and protean communications from the commander of the British Expeditionary Force afforded no adequate excuse for the Prime Minister's assurance to the country that there was no shell-shortage. It may be added that the letter of the 2nd of May, quoted by Sir G. Arthur, in which our leader at the front (a single week before launching his intrigue against the Government of which he was the servant), informed Lord Kitchener that "the ammunition would be all right," indicates that any statement made in '1914' on a controversial topic requires to be accepted with reserve. The volume before us nevertheless depicts the relations between Sir John French and the War Minister as normally most cordial. If there were occasional misunderstandings, they were not of a kind to justify rancour, and after reading the biographer's version of the Secretary of State's visit to France during the retreat from Mons, we fail to see that there was anything to complain about on the part of the commander in the field, except in regard to a proposed trip by Kitchener to see the troops. That would have been an error at the moment. It might have led to misconceptions.

Sir G. Arthur shows us that Lord Kitchener's strategical judgment (even admitting it to have been at fault with regard to Antwerp and the Dardanelles), was seldom far wrong. He was prepared for the Germans making a much wider turning movement through Belgium than either General Joffre or our G.H.Q. anticipated, and the event proved his foresight. He entertained no fond delusions concerning the potentialities of the Russian "steam-roller." He was well aware that the western stood for—and must be accepted as—the decisive front. He proved successful in defeating the fatuous projects of initiating a great Balkan campaign that were cherished by some of his imaginative and pertinacious fellow-ministers. While the majority of British soldiers of acknowledged standing were dreaming fondly of a triumphant conclusion to the world war within a few months and had totally misinterpreted the portents, he had the sagacity to perceive from the very outset that the struggle was one that would last for years. So it came about that, in virtue of his prescience and intuitive grasp of vital factors in the situation, he set himself from the hour when he entered the War Office as its chief to create an army capable of coping effectually with the almost boundless martial resources of the German Empire. The magnificent host with which, two years after Lord Kitchener's tragic death, Sir D. Haig decided the issue, was the result. Many military men hold that the War Minister in the opening days made a mistake in not utilising existing organizations, the Territorial Forces and the Special Reserve, more freely, so as to accelerate the expansion of numbers in the field. But his habit of mind ever was to look, after the manner of the true statesman, more to the distant than to the immediate future.

Posterity is not unlikely, indeed, to award Kitchener his niche in the temple of fame as a statesman rather than a soldier. He dominated the position during the closing months of the South African struggle almost more in a political than in a military sense, ever taking

the long view and picturing Briton and Boer to himself living in amity side by side. When abruptly introduced into the innermost councils of the State in 1914, he appraised the international situation correctly, as did no other man in our public life. Rightly, his biography makes no claim on his behalf to rank as a super-organiser, for that he was not; it was in his unerring perception of the end and not when devising the means that he stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries. Of his personal charm, of his kindness and consideration cloaked at times under a rugged and even peremptory manner, of his innate chivalry, the myriads of his admirers amongst his countrymen have been for the most part unaware. They owe a debt of gratitude to Sir G. Arthur for teaching them that K. of K. was not merely a great, but was also a singularly lovable man.

A MISCELLANY OF POETRY.

A Miscellany of Poetry: 1919. Edited by William Kean Seymour. Cecil Palmer and Hayward. 5s. net.

Lyrics from the French. By Christian Malloch. A. L. Humphreys. 7s. 6d. net.

More Translations from Heine. By P. G. L. Webb. George Allen & Unwin.

Selected Poems. By Lady Margaret Sackville. Constable. 6s. net.

OUR excuse for grouping these four essays in poetry together, is the same as that which would no doubt be used by Mr. Seymour in defence of his 'Miscellany'—it just happened so. Neither Mr. Seymour nor ourselves have exercised, or indeed sought to exercise, the faintest critical faculty in forming our collection. There is this difference between us, however; Mr. Seymour defends his collection on the ground that none of his poems has been published in book-form (and we venture to breathe the hope that most of them never will), while we on the other hand, defend ourselves on the ground that the books we review have, and that the fault is the publishers' rather than ours. And with this to our little sheep browsing tentatively on the side of Parnassus.

Of the persons included in the 'Miscellany,' some are well known, some known, one or two notorious, and the rest are silence. The only excuse for the book is that it brings to our notice two or three quite beautiful poems in the second class. As to the well-known, Mr. Binyon creeps with something of the tired gesture of middle-age in three of his poems quoted. The fourth called 'Numbers' would be beautiful, if we did not suspect that arithmetic was being melodiously prayed in aid to conceal the absence of thought. Mr. Sturge Moore has a poem 'Aforetime,' which occupies some 14 pages of print, and seems longer. Though there is, as always with him, a sense of grave power, there is here unhappily also a feeling of dissipation of power. One is almost driven to murmur of Mr. Moore, as was said in slightly different form of another large natural phenomenon, "Mr. Moore is a noble writer, but when tedious, will not do so." Mr. Eden Phillpotts has two poems which suggest for the sake of those who like his prose that he should occupy himself rather with that. Mr. Drinkwater, who is since 'Abraham Lincoln' properly included in the well-known, has two poems which indicate pre-occupation with prose-plays. In his case also we hope that the pre-occupation will grow.

These are the well-known. As to the notorious, they include Mr. Chesterton and Miss Sitwell. Mr. Chesterton has a 'Ballad of St. Barbara'—patroness of artillery. We quote lines from the beginning:—

"When the long grey lines came flooding upon Paris
on the plain,
We stood and drank of the last free air we never
would have again,
And a Norman to a Breton spoke his chin upon his
hands,
'There was an end to Ilium; and an end came to
Rome,

And a man plays on a painted stage in the land that he calls home.

Arch after arch of triumph, but floor beyond falling floor,

That lead to a low door at last, and beyond there is no door."

The ballad is all like that—good large words, like Mr. Chesterton's spirit in 'Magic,' so large as to escape comprehension, and, dare we whisper? like the spirits of the stage, incomprehensible because they are not there. Mr. Chesterton clearly is not here, and to be honest, we really don't quite know what is. Miss Sitwell, on the other hand, is very much there, and we almost wish that she weren't. If some other writer with her flair for uncanny beauty had written the 'Eventail,' we should have had a poem. As it is, we have, "fruits with a tuneful smell," which isn't quite the same thing.

We pass by the unknown, pausing only to assure Mr. Louis Golding that in our view

"Way down in Dixie,
Where the hens are dog-gone g'ad to lay
Scrambled eggs in the new mown hay,"

is a far better song for shepherds than the one he suggests in its place. We reach the known. Here we find three notable achievements. Mr. Gould in 'Freedoms,' a sequence of 8 sonnets, takes none, and no licence either. Mr. Gould, we think and hope, has his foot on the high road at last, if these sonnets are typical of his newer work. We thought that we detected in 'The Happy Tree,' the threat of his vein being worked out. These poems reassure us. Miss Muriel Stuart takes a great step forward with her poem in 'Thelus Wood.' All war poems just now are infinitely wearisome, the first flush of interest being over, and the new permanent light of history not yet being equally directed to that of which all of us were a part. Still we forgive Miss Stuart for her theme, because of these lines about a little tree, blasted by shells:—

"O fair child-tree made never stir,
Dead before God had tinted her.
In the green nurseries of Spring
She lay, the loveliest, loneliest,
Among the old, and ruined trees,
And at each small and broken wrist,
The white flowers grew like bandages.

Finally, and with even greater reason, we forgive Miss Macaulay for writing of peace, because she ends her poem thus:—

"Oh you cannot hear the noisy guns going:
You sleep too far away.
It is nothing to you who have your own peace,
That our peace was signed to-day."

That last rhythm hurts and re-echoes too long. As Achilles said to the immortal horses reminding him of death, we say to these lines that they ought not.

There is a book of translation from the German. We are not sure that translations, save in ecclesiastical circles, have much to be said for them, except as exercises for these who mean to write original poetry later. Because poetry, more than any other thing, is in the actual words. Take for instance Cleopatra's "O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from the world's great snare uncaught?" What words in what other tongue could be but screech owls to these nightingales? And so with all great poetry. But if it is to be done at all, then it might be far worse done than in 'Lyrics from the French,' by Christian Malloch. For example, "Nous n'irons plus au bois; les lauriers sont coupés," is quite beautifully done. Mr. Webb does in his versions contrive to convey not a little of the pungent appeal of Heine. Matthew Arnold, we seem to remember, granted Heine everything except love. Well, at any rate he didn't have Matthew Arnold's love, but passion—why, as Mr. Webb says in the translation,

"I see the heart's bright fire,
Through thy waistcoat glowing hot."

Heine is not less difficult than other great poets to

translate. Mr. Webb must of necessity plod heavily on foot by the side of Pegasus, but more than once, and particularly in the Sonnets, he almost gets on the winged horse's back. But, we suppose that Heine, vain and morose as always, pushes him off at the last moment.

Lady Margaret Sackville has suffered by reason of being Lady Margaret. If she had written as Miss Plain Smith, her undoubted quality might have developed by the side of the hard, unroyal road. But the paths were made too easy for her, and we find in these 'Selected Poems,' not, as does Mr. Blunt in his preface, that "she is the best of our English poetesses, at least of the younger generation," but that she might have been. She has acquired the grand manner without any of the grand substance. Witness 'The Wooing of Dionysus.' Swinburne might have written the chorus (in fact, we are not sure that his ghost didn't); but, if he had, it would just have been said that he was writing exquisitely about nothing in particular. That is how we feel about Lady Margaret. She set out with the true throat of the bird at dawn, but somehow somewhere the music went wrong. It is wrong now.

CHINESE TURKESTAN.

Through Deserts and Oases of Central Asia. By Miss Ella Sykes, F.R.G.S., and Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G. Macmillan. 21s. net.

JOIE-DE-VIVRE is the touchstone of every travel-book, transmuting the leaden metal of fact to the gold of living truth. We listen, in reading, for that whisper of personality which carries further than any rhetoric, and we hear it in this record of travel in Chinese Turkestan. It was a good idea to divide the book into two parts, giving first impressions and ideas, and then statements and deductions. In the first 231 pages Miss Sykes writes of her journeys in a hearty and vivid way. If she is a little diffuse at times, she is at least never dull. We can imagine her feelings at the long Russian lunch she describes, and we can sympathise with her "riding at foot's pace on an animal that is a slow walker," knowing well the woe of a laggard donkey on such marches. And we are interested in her graphic description of their caravan, with the young men looking for Badakshani stallions, and the other young men in search of white falcons from the country of Ili. It is these little descriptions which make us, by the fireside, travel with her in imagination, half across the world. Arresting also are her observations of the phonetic stimulants used for animals in Turkestan: *oo-ah* urges forward the carriage horses, while *choo* enlivens the ridden; a sound reminiscent of sea-sickness is used for donkeys, and a sharp whistle for sheep and goats. These things are far from trivial. Right across the world there seems to exist a syntaxless speech for the use of men to brutes. The elephant man in India has a special talk for his charge, just as

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a huntsman cheers his hounds to covert by sounds outside ordinary language. Marco Polo does not tell us by what idiom the wives of the Great Khan addressed their Pekinese, yet he is a model for all time in his treatment of the tremendous trifles which make a distant land come close to us. The authors have something of the great Venetian's sympathetic style and power of observation. They sugar the pill of knowledge as it should be sugared: yet the substance to be inwardly digested remains.

Sir Percy Sykes gives an account of the industries, the folk-lore, family life, education, religious customs, and climate of the regions he traversed, as well as an able conspectus of their history.

The book is excellently illustrated and provided with an efficient map. These points are so often neglected that it is as well to emphasize them as follows:—

- (a) The photographs are full page-size, clear, and to the point.
- (b) The map is loose, in a convenient pocket at the end of the book.
- (c) The authors' route is marked in colour, with direction arrows, and cannot be confused with boundary lines, etc.

At less cost than a couple of stalls for the play we may travel to Turkestan in very pleasant company, and see the sunsets of Kashgar, and the silk and jade of Khotan, and tread the margin of the desert, where the stars burn low and large.

A NOVEL ON DIVORCE.

A Remedy against Sin. By W. B. Maxwell. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. net.

MR. MAXWELL'S novel with a purpose is entirely free from that suspicion of dullness which, not always with justice, attaches to this type of fiction. True, the theme he has selected—the vagaries briefly of our Divorce Law—is one which for reasons good, bad, or indifferent, has an appeal for the public. He has also shown much artistic discrimination in making his heroine, Claire Vaughan, a woman morally above all reproach. The majority are not as yet emancipated to the point of sympathising whole-heartedly with an adulteress, however grave the wrongs she may on her side have sustained. The process by which an innocent and much injured wife may in the author's view be legally marked with the brand of infamy, and thereby prevented from breaking the bond which holds her to her persecutor, is described with consummate skill. First we are made to realise the absurdity of that system which, as a preliminary to divorce proceedings founded on desertion and infidelity, requires a petition for restitution of conjugal rights—the last thing in the world desired by the petitioner! Then, we have an object-lesson concerning the delays of British Law, and the results which may attend them. (Claire, while her suit is pending, comes unexpectedly into a large sum of money, and her astute husband, who has hitherto been almost as anxious as herself to obtain a release, abandons his purpose of leaving the case undefended, and straightway institutes a cross-suit on his own account.) Lastly, we are shown how under the treatment of an unscrupulous counsel the most harmless and natural actions can be construed into evidence of guilt. In the Law Court scenes, Mr. Maxwell has, we think, surpassed the classical, though less tragic, example of *Bardell v. Pickwick*. But much as we admire his mastery of forensic dialectics, we still find it difficult to believe that the jury, and more particularly the judge, would have been so wholly mistaken in the heroine's character. If she really resembled her portrait on the cover of the book, their attitude would be more comprehensible; but we are convinced that she did not so appear to the author's mental eye.

In his immediate contention Mr. Maxwell is undoubtedly justified. If we are to have a Divorce Law at all, it should conform to principles of reason and equity. The wider assumption which underlies his polemic, that those, namely, who have been unfortu-

nate in their first matrimonial venture would, as a matter of course, choose more wisely next time, is scarcely borne out by the experience of life. It is indeed not easy to see how so serious an initial mistake as Claire's runaway marriage could ever be rectified; and in her relations with her unspeakable husband generally, she shows a deplorable lack of common sense. It is her weakness in allowing her capital to pass into his hands which determines him at all hazards to keep a grip upon her; and the loss of their only child is due to her overworking herself, for no adequate reason, at his suggestion. None the less this is a brilliant book, and by no means so unpleasant as might be anticipated from its subject.

MUSIC NOTES

THE BACH FESTIVAL.—If the old St. James's Hall was big enough for the original Bach Choir, then surely Queen's Hall would have afforded adequate accommodation for the four days' Festival that has just been held. That would have been much better than the employment of forces needlessly augmented in the arid waste known as the Central Hall, Westminster, where the echoes might not damage Handel, but proved both harmful and annoying (apart from other influences tending to incongruity) in the case of Bach. The universality of that amazing genius was assuredly demonstrated to admiration in a programme that provided a feast of varied masterpieces without nearly exhausting any particular category; yet, until the final *pièce de résistance* came along, it can have done barely more than whet the appetite of the genuine Bach-lover. In point of execution there is another story to tell; for here, to be candid, the Festival could not pretend for a moment to attain the standard that earned for the Bach Choir its splendid reputation in the early days of its existence. Larger numbers could not compensate for the inferior quality of the voices: the tone of the women quite overpowered the male singers and destroyed the balance; the *crescendos* were weak and irregular and the climaxes feeble, although the attack was fairly good, and the rhythmical accent not lacking in swing. We are unable to speak now of what was done on Tuesday in the B minor Mass, that grand battle-horse which so often bore the old Bach Choir to victory, but we certainly expected finer singing in the cantatas, if not in the motets also. As for the solos in the former, it is difficult to understand precisely on what principle the givers of the festival acted in engag-

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ing the comparatively unknown and incompetent young people who were entrusted with them. The best singers that were to be had were not too good for this society in its great days. Why not now?—unless, indeed, it be taken as a confession that we have no real Bach singers (and precious few oratorio soloists at all) in this country. The exhibition furnished by these inexperienced singers was the more regrettable (leaving out instances like Mr. Gervase Elwes and Mr. Murray Davey) because the instrumental soloists were artists of sterling merit and capable of doing the fullest justice to their tasks. The concertos were, almost without exception, beautifully played, while the work of the orchestra was, on the whole, smooth and creditable. Dr. Hugh P. Allen conducted with plenty of spirit, but in the matter of *tempi* his zeal sometimes outran his discretion.

THE STRANGE "SLUMP" AT QUEEN'S HALL.—Explain it as one will—and there is no denying the fact—the season of orchestral concerts has suddenly gone to pieces. Our own belief is that the abnormally early spring may have had something to do with it. Anyhow, since Easter the results of concert enterprise on an extensive scale have been singularly disastrous. Three months ago two such programmes as were performed at Queen's Hall at the beginning and the end of last week would have drawn crowded audiences. As it was, the place was less than half full for the splendid Elgar Concert conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald; and it was little better occupied on Saturday afternoon at the final Symphony Concert (conducted by Sir Henry Wood), when Mme. Calvé was the singer and Mr. Melsa the solo violinist. There could be no explanation in either instance on the ground of lack of interest or attraction, and the enjoyment of those who did attend was beyond question complete. It was a delight to listen to the fine performance of Sir Edward Elgar's second symphony, which, *pace* M. Florent Schmitt, we still consider a magnificent work. Nor shall we imitate the French critic's manner or seek to offer reprisals by belittling the symphony of the late Ernest Chausson (B flat, Op. 20) which Sir Henry Wood brought forward with abundant evidence of careful preparation. This symphony, a solid, dignified, imaginative example of the best that modern French classicism has to show, created a genuinely deep impression, and will be heard again with pleasure. We were less struck with the new Suite by Roger-Ducasse; yet in its way it is a charming miniature, cleverly harmonised and prettily scored. To hear Mme. Calvé singing Bach was a new experience, and not altogether a satisfactory one; but in the excerpt from 'Cavalleria' and the Spanish songs she was quite in her element and therefore incomparable. Mr. Melsa's rendering of the Glazounov violin concerto not only revealed a decided advance in his art, but threw a new and agreeable light upon the merits of a picturesque work.

RECITALS.—Brief mention may be made of good work done at a few recitals recently. Among the violinists a new-comer, Mr. Manuel Quiroga, achieved an immediate success, thanks to a really beautiful tone and brilliant playing, while Miss Margaret Fairless enhanced her growing reputation in a well-chosen selection of pieces. Of the singers another débutant with a Spanish name, Mr. F. H. Etcheverria, made a very favourable impression and ought to win a position for himself; he has a pleasing voice and an unaffected, intelligent style. At Mr. Rosing's last recital of his series on Saturday the Russian artist was heard in a great variety of songs, which he sang in no fewer than seven languages—including Gaelic!

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOKS.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Drawings by Old Masters at Chatsworth, pub. £21, price £10 10s.; Victor Hugo's Works Edition de Luxe, 20 vols in 10 vols., half morocco, £6 6s.; Riccardi Press, Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, 3 vols., £7 17s. 6d.; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illus., £30; Cave's Ruined Cities of Ceylon, 1897, £3 3s. 0d.; George Eliot's Novels, 7 vols., half calf, gilt, £4 10s.; 19 Early Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, only 150 done, 35s. Oscar Wilde's Works, hand-made paper edition, very scarce, 14 vols., £25; Studio Magazine, 75 vols., in parts, £17 17s.; Balzac's Droll Stories, illus., 11s.; Salome, illus. by Beardsley, 11s.; Ballads Weird and Wonderful, with 25 drawings by Vernon Hill, 9s.; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symons, large paper copy, 1905, £2 2s.; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates, 2 vols., 21s. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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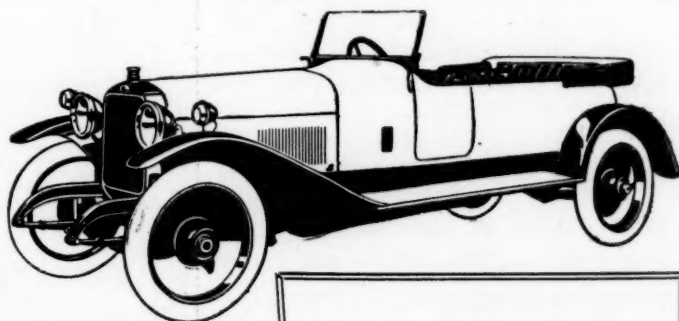
MOTOR NOTES

A gathering of considerable importance to the car-buying public was recently held under the auspices of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd. The company who assembled at the invitation of the S.M.M.T., comprised a number of influential technical journalists and representatives of newspapers particularly interested in the great car-production problem. That this is a great problem, and withal, a difficult one to solve was, we think, the conviction of everyone who attended the meeting. The object of the gathering was ostensibly to enable an explanation to be made of the present high price of motor cars. Mr. Frank Lanchester, the well-known president of the great trade society, who was, perhaps, the most "official" speaker of the day, took the view that the public harboured quite erroneous ideas on the subject. A good many people, he said, appeared to think that the present high price of pleasure motor vehicles had resulted directly from the extraordinary demand for cars made at the Olympia Show. This, he insisted, certainly was not so. Since the Show great increases had been made in the price of vital materials, and it was to this and to other factors over which the motor-car builders had no control, that the present high figures were attributable. Mr. A. R. Atkey, the well-known motoring M.P. for Notts, who is invariably an interesting speaker, expressed the ideas of the motor agents on the present situation. The hon. member considered it rather a Gilbertian attitude for the S.M.M.T. to explain with such modesty why they thought fit to charge the present prices while the public were positively tumbling over each other to give even higher prices provided they could get the cars they wanted. A grievance which the retail traders are probably justified in ventilating at the moment was reviewed by Mr. Atkey, who said that while the agents were obliged to sell new cars at the list prices, persons who bought them very soon resold them to others for a

higher profit than a legitimate agent could obtain. Saying that he represented some of the car buyers, Sir Julian Orde, Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club, regretted that he could find small satisfaction in the official trade statement. This, he said, was a day for explanations, and while he thanked such an authority as Mr. Lanchester for the great care with which he had presented the manufacturers' case, he could not regard this as entirely acceptable by prospective customers. It would seem, said Sir Julian, that those who bought cars under the present conditions were the fools who ran up the prices to the figures they had now reached. The one grain of comfort in the whole thing seemed to be in Mr. Atkey's assurance that the agents were suffering even more than the car-buying public. Certainly he did not think that any gratitude could be expected from car purchasers because prices had not gone still higher than they were. On the contrary, he held the view that the manufacturers ought to be thankful, because it was quite conceivable that there might be no car buyers. Lieut.-Col. Charles Jarrott made a powerful appeal to the British trade to be alive to the coming competition from America; voicing, incidentally, our contentions on this subject in a recent number. Mr. Sydney Straker supported previous speakers who had emphasized the great difficulties under which the car manufacturers were at present working. The dictation of rates of wages by the Government was, he said, a most retrogressive and undesirable thing. We can well believe with Mr. Straker that this had been a serious factor in the great car production problem, for, as he insisted, it had to a large extent resulted in the employers being controlled by the men instead of the men by the employers. Mr. Straker happily ended upon a more optimistic note. He thought that within the next six months the car-buying public would be able to get all they wanted. We can only hope that, beyond this, they will be able to get it at a price compatible with the real value of materials and with the principle of a fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

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THE CITY

An increased Bank rate and a burdensome Budget all within the space of a few hours, have thoroughly shaken the equilibrium of the City, and the general weakness of almost every class of security is an indication of the universal nervousness which exists. The majority of comparatively rich men within a stone's throw of Lombard Street have been heard to say that life is not worth working, or that, having reckoned up their pile, they are now content to quit and lead the simple life on a desert island, leaving the Government to mismanage its finances and generally go hang. That feeling of irresponsibility recurs at intervals, and there are at present reasons for irritability.

Birmingham scored one over London in the matter of its local loan, and nearly treble the amount was contributed to the former as compared with the latter. Of the £3,000,000 Birmingham loan underwriters find themselves with about 40 per cent., while underwriters of the London issue have had to take 90 per cent., which meant £6,300,000, and this in spite of the conversion rights. The week was not happily chosen for the issue, and the recurrence of these very partial successes will seriously affect future issues, which may well have to offer 7 per cent. or even more.

The return just made by Lloyds Register of shipbuilding for the quarter ending on the 31st March last, makes excellent reading from the point of our continued supremacy on the seas, and proves that the shipbuilding companies are having a very good time. But the indirect bearing of that on the shipowning companies should begin to be felt in the near future. When this new shipping is ready for service, there will be a slump in freights and a disappearance of the disappointed queues waiting for berths on steamers. That will take some time to come into full effect, even if no labour troubles put a check on the good work, and in the meantime some of the new companies may experience the prosperity their prospectuses have indicated. But new ventures require more careful scrutiny every day in view of the extreme divergence of opinion concerning freights in the most responsible quarters. The popularity of shipping issues is indicated by the immediate success of the Anglo-Celtic issue.

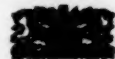
There is something pleasant about the mere name of the Maypole, so that one naturally expects the company's accounts to make pleasant reading for the shareholders, who can have no reason to regret the result of last year's trading. The net profit works out at £1,069,600, and in passing the million milestone a record is easily established. In 1918 the net profit was £703,200, and in 1917 £736,400, and those two years were far in excess of any previous year. The 5 per cent. Preference and the 20 per cent. Preferred Ordinary shareholders are well secured, and chief interest attaches to the fate of the Deferred Ordinary, which are as numerous as the sands on the seashore. By the capitalisation of reserves last July the number was raised to 12,333,330, and there has been a further issue at par in the early part of this year, bringing up the number to well over 20,000,000. Their denomination is only 2s. each, but even at that it requires a considerable sum to pay a good dividend. The payment for 1919 was 100 per cent.; but with almost double the number of shares, it will be little less than a colossal task to maintain such a dividend this year. However, with the increased capital which has come in this year developments are possible and one must assume that such a big distribution last year is some measure of the directors' confidence in the results of the coming year.

A brand new company with a capital of £20,000,000 and no business is a little reminiscent of Dickens, and seemed on the face of it a little plot to help the Exchequer, since the registration fee would be £50,000. The advent of the Budget and the immediate passing of the resolution in regard to the capital fee seems to throw cold water on that idea, however. A week later

registration would have cost a trifle of £150,000 more. Perhaps the company will look on the difference as an asset and as a piece of intelligent anticipation it is a good start for the Shipbuilding and Associated Industries, Ltd. The objects of the company include every branch of shipbuilding and every side line and with Sir George Hunter at its head, there is little prospect of a futile registration.

The increasing cussedness of some movements in the market is well illustrated by the reception of the proposals for altering the capital of the London Guarantee and Accident Company. In recent years the Company has made great strides and achieved magnificent results, so that there was some good ground for the active support given to the shares in recent months. It is now proposed to sub-divide the £5 Ordinary shares, on which £2 is paid, into 5 shares of £1 each, which would be 8s. paid, and to pay up the balance of 12s. out of reserves. Further, the Ordinary share capital will be increased from £125,000 to £250,000 and £25,000 will be issued to existing holders on terms which are not yet announced, but are certain to carry a premium. As quite a minor incident, the dividend on the Ordinary shares as they now stand is increased from 25s. to 35s. The company has by no means reached the limit of its development, and an increase rather than a decrease of dividend may be anticipated in future. Yet what is the actual result of these gifts of the gods on the market price? It falls like a knife from a little over 60 to just over 50, and a further drop seems to be anticipated. Why? The London Guarantee has as bright an outlook as most insurance companies. Possibly the price of 60 and over was reached on anticipation of amalgamation and the directors' proposals are considered as a sign that none is intended.

Another example of the possibilities underlying Founders' shares is exhibited in the case of R. and J. Pullman, the leather dressers. The company has not been free from adversity in its time, but a wave of prosperity has come over its fortunes during the last four years. There are three classes of shares, Preference, Ordinary, and Founders. From 1911 to 1915 not even the Preference shareholders received any distribution, but in the latter year the Preference dividend was paid, and again in 1916, while in 1917 all arrears were paid up. The Ordinary shares are entitled to 7 per cent. before the Founders' shares participate, and then they receive one-half of the remaining profit. Last year for the first time the dividend on the Ordinary shares exceeded 7 per cent., and for the first time in a quarter of a century the Founders come in. With some uncertainty as to the payment under Excess Profits, it is not possible to arrive at an exact profit, but sufficient was clear to allow for the payment of 100 per cent. on the Founders' shares. It sounds a lot, but on the other hand, their holders had exercised a lot of patience, and they seem satisfied with their investment, for offers to buy them out have been refused.



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The Assistant Secretary (Mr. B. L. Ransome) read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—As you have all got a copy of the report, we will, with your permission, take it as read. On Tuesday, the 20th January, the Textile Corporation came into being with the opening of the underwriting lists, and at four o'clock the next day three times the amount of underwriting was offered to the issuing house. The public subscription list opened on Monday, the 26th day of January, and the issue was very largely over-subscribed almost immediately, the lists being closed on Wednesday night excepting for country applicants.

The Ordinary shares of Chas. Semon and Co., Ltd., were acquired by the corporation, and full details of the financial position of that company were inserted in the prospectus, which showed that without taking any account of items such as goodwill, there were net assets totalling £600,000, which is the issued capital of the company, and the profits for the period ended 30th September, 1919, were shown to be at the annual rate of £200,000 after making ample provision for everything, including excess profits duty. (Applause.) The payment of the dividend on the Preference shares requires the sum of £26,250, leaving available the sum of £173,750, which represents 70 per cent., for the benefit of the Ordinary shares, all of which are held by this company, which acquired them at £2 per share. It might be advisable here to tell you that it requires £60,000 to pay 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, and £80,000 to pay 2s. per share on the Deferred shares, thus absorbing £140,000. You will remember that the full year was guaranteed by the vendors to be approximately at this rate, and just now I may say that, as far as we can ascertain, there will be no need to call upon the vendors in respect of this guarantee. I will refer to the real commercial details of Chas. Semon and Co., Ltd., later.

After the purchase of the Ordinary share capital of Chas. Semon and Co., Ltd., there will be a balance of £165,000 from the recent issue for further transactions and development, in addition to the accrued profit from 1st October, 1919, which is guaranteed to exceed £150,000 for the six months ended 31st March. I feel confident that that figure will be reached. (Applause.)

DEVELOPMENT OF CHAS. SEMON AND CO.'S BUSINESS.

This is capital which is available for our ordinary financial business; but naturally our first thoughts are to develop the business of Chas. Semon and Co., Ltd., and use all our financial resources which they may require for the extension of their business and the financing of other and allied businesses, which, besides the financial profit, would help to sustain and foster the business of Chas. Semon and Co., Ltd. Since we were incorporated many excellent businesses have been offered to us on this plan, but all of them have been impracticable, mainly because of the difficulty in our recognising the enormous prices to would-be vendors. We rather feel that in the establishment of foreign branches to help our export business we should better utilise our money than by buying machinery at present prices.

Our managing director (Mr. G. H. Lougee) joined the company in the middle of March, and we feel that he will be a great acquisition to us, as he has had 25 years' responsible banking experience in the trade in which Messrs. Chas. Semon and Co. specialise, and he is extremely well adapted for all branches of textile business.

The business of Chas. Semon and Co., Ltd., was founded in the year 1857, and occupies to-day an eminent position, with wide connections and representatives in all the chief trading centres of the world. We are physically well adapted for the control and the enlargement of the business, and with the formation of the Textile Corporation, Ltd., are in an extremely strong financial position, which enables us to cope with a larger volume of trade and to make plans for the extension of all the departments. (Applause.) One can look forward to extreme prosperity in the immediate future, owing to lack of production in countries which would normally compete with Great Britain, lack of machinery here, and the corresponding limitation of production. There is also the lack of new competition in this country, which is largely the result of high prices and the present system of taxation. The current Budget proposals, with the increased excess profits duty, have made it safe for old-established firms like ours, and made it almost impossible for younger firms to exist and futile for new firms to commence; and as the excess profits duty has the effect of raising prices of all commodities, we as a merchant firm will have to pay more for our products and sell them for more, which will have the effect of increasing our profits per quantity of material handled. (Hear, hear.)

FUTURE OF THE TEXTILE TRADE.

Mr. G. H. Lougee (managing director) seconded the motion, and said that he thoroughly endorsed all the remarks of Mr. Redman. The future of the textile trade was, in his opinion, assured—certainly for two, three or four years to come. The output in all branches of industry to-day was very much less per hour per man than it was before the war, and as there was a world shortage of goods, there must be a continuous demand for clothing. He

thought the idea of utilising the liquid resources of the Textile Corporation for the development of the export trade was the right one, and that this would be the most profitable policy for them to adopt. The directors had discussed the matter on several occasions, but had not yet come to any decision. In Yorkshire they had an old habit of "hurrying slow," but he thought the shareholders could rely upon the Board to pursue the course which was most likely to make the Textile Corporation a success. (Applause.)

The motion was carried unanimously, and the proceedings then terminated.

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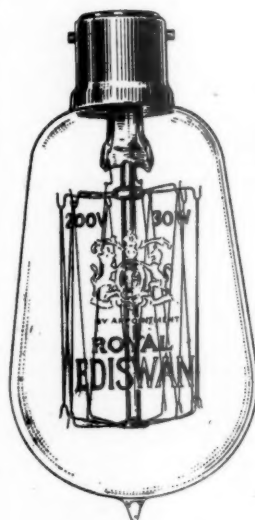
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